

A COLUMBUS, O., TRAGEDY.

THE NATIONAL

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.
Henry Vetoey.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1891.

VOLUME LVI.—No. 705.
Price Ten Cents.



"GAIETY" GIRLS QUARREL.

MISS SCOTT AND MISS SHERMAN HAVE A LIVELY LITTLE SCRAP IN A HOBOKEN, N. J., THEATRE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1891.

IMPORTANT TO YOU!

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DIME POCKET SAVINGS BANK.

Cannot be opened until \$5.00 is deposited, when bottom is forced out. No getting out of order. The simplest and best bank ever put on the market. Nothing to equal it. Can be relocked and used as often as required, and when once a dime is deposited there is absolutely

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Send in your orders at once, as orders will be filled according to their rec'd. Cash must accompany each order as none will be sent C. O. D. Price, 25 cents each. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal discount. Send for terms. The trade supplied by the

RICHARD K. FOX
Purchasing and Supply Dept., Manufacturer's Agent,
Franklin Square, New York.

WHO'LL WIN THE PRIZE?

Judging from the manner in which the Brooklyn Jockey Club coupons have been pouring into us from all parts of the country, the popular contest has struck the key note with our thousands of readers.

Batches of letters, containing the coupons and selections of the respective senders, as to what three horses will come under the wire first in the Handicap race, which is to be run on May 15 next, at Gravesend, L. I., reach this office with every mail. The number has been so large that when we say that it occupies the time of several clerks sorting and arranging them in the order they are received, is putting it very mild.

Never before in the history of any paper, has so much interest been taken in a similar contest, as our readers have manifested on this particular occasion. It is but fair to surmise that the extra enthusiasm is largely due to the fact that the prize offered the fortunate guesser is twice as large as has as yet ever been offered.

Contained in many of the letters received were words of praise and compliments to the POLICE GAZETTE on being always foremost in all matters appertaining to sports and square sporting. It was with a deal of pleasure that we read the kind words, and in return we extend our most hearty thanks and regards to our loyal friends.

The conditions of the contest, which is open to all, are printed in another column on this page. Every one has an equal chance to win the race; all that is necessary is to fill out the coupons according to the printed instructions and forward them to this office, where they will be carefully filed and recorded.

None can tell who will be the lucky one to capture the prize until after the race, and then it may perhaps be yourself. Who can tell?

THE EDITORS' WAR.

Three fire-eating editors of Columbus, O., had quite a lively time of it a few days ago, and as a result one of the trio was instantly killed and another wounded. Editors Osborne and Elliott first indulged in a war against each other through their respective papers. From the use of printer's ink they resorted to the more deadly pistols, which soon brought matters to a head by one of their number being wiped out. Better would it have been had they settled their difference through their journals and not taken hold of the ever dangerous shooting irons. A full account of the terrible feud appears on another page.

THE PUPPY SWEEPSTAKES RACE.

On another page we accurately depict the scenes attending the two hundred yards puppy sweepstakes race that was recently run at Kearney, N. J. On the same page is also portrayed a fac-simile of the handsome gold and silver collar presented to the winning dog by Richard K. Fox. The collar, which is the most valuable trophy of its kind ever put up for competition, is a beautiful piece of workmanship and is of artistic design.

MISS BIRCH DISCHARGED.

Her Confession Implicates Her Lover.

AN ISLIP, L. I., ARSON CASE.

Florence Wanted to Get the Insurance Money.

DID WATSON LOVE HER?

A Freeport Youth's Attack of Rashness

GETS HIM INTO TROUBLE.

Pretty Miss Florence Birch, the young milliner of Islip, L. I., who was recently arrested on the charge of setting fire to her stock and store, has been discharged by Justice Harry Clock, who decided that the evidence shown was not sufficient to hold the young lady for trial.

The case, however, has not been dropped, but has taken on entirely new aspects. According to Miss Birch's confession, her lover, William Watson, of Freeport, was the guilty one that applied the match of destruction to her stock and store. She also admits that she, too, had a hand in the pie. With but few exceptions, the entire village has sympathized with Miss Birch, notwithstanding the story of her confession. But when it was learned that the girl's own state-

Benjamin, who left on the 2:14 train for New York to find Watson.

Watson, who had learned that a warrant had been issued for his arrest, did not wait for it to be served upon him, but went to Islip and gave himself up to Judge Clock.

He declared Miss Birch's statement regarding him was wholly untrue. He denied that he set fire to the store or that he was in Islip on the night of either of the fires. He said he could prove he was elsewhere on both of those nights. He also denied that he had intimate relations with Miss Birch or that he had stopped



WHERE THE FIRE OCCURRED

with her at a hotel. He said he became acquainted with her through her purchasing goods in the store where he was employed.

Justice Clock placed Watson temporarily in the custody of Deputy Sheriff Howland. Subsequently Lawyer Wallace, who represented Watson, had a conference with Squire Clock and the town committee who have been active in the case. Wallace demanded a speedy examination. This was granted, and Watson was arraigned before Squire Clock. He pleaded not guilty. He was admitted to bail in the sum of \$500. Mitchell W. Smith and George L. Schaeffer, of Freeport, became his bondsmen. The hearing in the case was set down for March 6.

Watson was advised by his counsel and friends to make an endeavor to see Miss Birch for the purpose of having her affirm or retract the statement she had made against him. Watson was informed that she did not desire an interview with him. The last statement made by Miss Birch accusing Watson is not credited by the citizens of the village, in view of the different stories she has told.

She first said her store had been set on fire by enemies. Then she said she had set fire to the store for the purpose of obtaining the insurance money to go to New York with Watson, whom she claimed as her lover. Next she denied a part of this confession, and then said that Watson had first suggested to her the idea of burning the stock in the store to obtain the insurance money, and that he visited the store with her on the evening of Jan. 20 and started the fire. She also accused young Watson of being improperly intimate with her.

Watson said that if Miss Birch was sane her actions regarding him were remarkable, and that rather than marry her he would die in jail. He did not know why the young woman should become smitten with him as he had given her no encouragement.

When she called at the store where he was employed she was always affable and pleasant, but he supposed she acted this way to get a good bargain in the millinery goods which she purchased.

Detective Newcome held a secret consultation with the town committee, who, while pursuing a course which they deemed highly proper, conclude that a screw is loose somewhere. The matter is now more complicated than ever.

The news of Miss Birch's discharge soon spread through the village and a number of her friends called in the afternoon to congratulate her. Peter Davis handed Mr. Birch a roll of crisp greenbacks and a paper containing the signatures of twenty-five of the townsfolk with subscriptions footing up to nearly \$100. It was the money which had been raised to help the old man pay the lawyers who appeared in his daughter's defense. Every one in the household was smiling when a reporter called. Miss Florence herself came out and said pleasantly that she really didn't care to say anything about herself. It was enough, she said, that she had been discharged, and she was satisfied. She would not discuss her confession.



FLORENCE BIRCH.

ments would not be used against her, and only the circumstantial evidence which had been obtained was presented in the court, everybody knew that the young lady would go free.

After the discharge of the young woman, Justice Clock issued a warrant for the arrest of the love-making young man from Freeport, William Watson. The complaint was signed by Miss Birch.

Watson is employed by Sullivan, Drew & Co., dealers in millinery goods, at 600 Broadway, this city. The warrant as soon as issued was placed in the hands of a constable, who started immediately to New York to make the arrest.

It was 1 o'clock in the afternoon when Florence Birch was taken down to the home of Justice Clock. When Deputy Sheriff Frank Howland walked in with his prisoner the Justice told the anxious girl that she was discharged from custody. N. Oakley Clock, one of the committee that has been investigating the mystery of the incendiary fire, was in the room when Miss Birch was brought in. Sheriff Howland had obtained a statement from the girl early in the morning to the effect that she hadn't set fire to her store at all, but that young Watson had done it, and Mr. Clock was on hand, therefore, when Miss Birch was discharged, in order to get a warrant for Watson's arrest.

This is the story that the young woman told: Watson, she said, had come from Freeport on the evening of Jan. 20 to call upon her. He came to the store about 6 o'clock. Then she locked the front door after him, and together they made arrangements for starting the fire in the box of hats. She made nearly all of the preparations herself, but Watson, according to her statement, struck a match and started a fire with it.

Then they went out of the back door in a hurry and she went to the house of Mrs. Nelson, while Watson went off by a back road. She did not see him again that night, and supposed that he got out of town on the train which leaves for New York at 6:30.

The confession which Miss Birch made to Detective Newcome, in which she stated that she was anxious to get away from Islip and move to Freeport, so that she might be near her lover, but which was not used at the hearing, did not implicate any one else, and this new turn of affairs was a surprise to everyone. Although Deputy Sheriff Howland, of Islip, had obtained the information for the committee, and stood ready to act, N. O. Clock had Constable Abe Benjamin, of Bay Shore, on hand when Justice Clock made out his warrant for Watson. The warrant was handed to

THE POLICE GAZETTE WILL BE MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS IN THE UNITED STATES, 12 WEEKS FOR \$1. BY RICHARD K. FOX, PUBLISHER, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.



THE FOLLOWING ARE MY SELECTIONS FOR FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD PLACES:

First.....

Second.....

Third.....

Name.....

Address.....

Date..... 1891.

N. B.—Cut out the coupon, including head, and send to once to TURF EDITOR, POLICE GAZETTE, Post Office Box 40, New York City.

Owing to the great interest now manifested over the first great turf event of the season of 1891, the Brooklyn Jockey Club Handicap, one and one-quarter miles, for all ages, Richard K. Fox will give a prize of \$200 to the first person who can correctly name the horses as they will finish first, second and third.

To win the \$200, the turf-loving public will have to name the winner, the horse that finishes second and the horse that finishes third. Each competitor can guess as often as he desires, there being no limit to the number of guesses that may be made. The only conditions the POLICE GAZETTE will impose are that the competitors write their selections legibly, together with their names and addresses, on one of the accompanying coupons which will be printed from week to week, and that they be properly addressed as above, and forwarded to and be received at the POLICE GAZETTE office on or before May 14, at 12 o'clock M.

The above coupon will appear for the last time in No. 713 of the dated issue of May 9.

These are the horses entered, with their weights:

BROOKLYN JOCKEY CLUB HANDICAP, ALL AGES, 1 1/4 MILES.		
Raceland.....	122	Uncle Bob..... 100
Riley.....	120	Daniel..... 100
Burlington.....	120	Badige..... 112
Dr. Muth.....	118	Budhist..... 118
Franklin.....	118	Brave..... 110
Judge Morrow.....	118	Stoutfame..... 110
Prince Royal.....	117	Chaos..... 110
Los Angeles.....	116	Come-to-Taw..... 108
Burus.....	116	King Eric..... 108
Ten Tray.....	116	Kenwood..... 108
May Day II.....	115	Woolly..... 108
Cassine.....	115	Banquet..... 108
Senorita.....	114	Santiago..... 108
Rhono.....	114	Tenton..... 108
Loontaka.....	112	Her Highness..... 108
Lighton.....	108	Odette..... 108
Tale Notice.....	108	Woolly Jems..... 108
Yan Prow.....	106	Chatham..... 98
Russell.....	104	Cleopatra..... 98
Montague.....	104	Reckon..... 98
Al Farrow.....	100	Ali..... 97
Onaway.....	100	Currie..... 97
Guide.....	100	Matthew..... 97
Montgomery.....	100	Gullifer..... 97
Bolero.....	100	Rey del Reyes..... 95
Cynosure.....	100	King Thomas..... 95
Elvion.....	100	Nellie Bly..... 95
Longstride.....	100	Once Again..... 95
Once Again.....	100	Kirkover..... 95
El John.....	100	Peter..... 95
Cortez.....	100	Hamlet..... 95
Baunster.....	100	Platibus..... 95

Who will be the lucky winner of the \$200?

SHE HAD PLENTY OF PLUCK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]
Mrs. Mary Bailey, who dwells by herself in a house on the outskirts of Chester, Conn., was about to retire a few nights ago, when she saw an ugly-looking face glaring at her through a window pane. She picked up a lamp, returned to the kitchen, threw open the door, and called: "What do you want?"

Thereat the owner of the face at the window, a burly tramp, advanced to the door and strode into the house.

"What do you want?" asked the woman in a resolute tone.

"I want something to eat," was the reply, "and I want it right off, too."

Whereupon Widow Bailey stepped quickly into an adjoining room, returned in a moment with a big revolver that was cocked, lifted it to her eye, sighted it at the tramp, and said tersely: "You get out!" The tramp made a feint to bluster, but evidently didn't fancy the black muzzle of the weapon that confronted him, and he backed out of the house, saying: "I'll be back here later with my gang and do you up."

Mrs. Bailey locked the door, set the lamp on a table near her, took a seat at her kitchen window, and waited several hours for her appointment with "the gang." Finally, at about midnight, the tramp returned and undertook to set fire to the house, but Mrs. Bailey opened a window, thrust her pistol across the window ledge, and invited her visitor to retire again. He retired. Mrs. Bailey is now famous in the whole river valley.

M'LE AGNES CHARCOT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]
One of the most successful hypnotists of the day is M'le Agnes Charcot, whose portrait appears on the dramatic page of this issue. She has performed feats of hypnotism that have heretofore never been equaled.

ELEGANT CABINET PHOTOGRAPH OF GEN. SHERMAN. Mail to any address on receipt of 10 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



IN JUDGE CLOCK'S ROOM.

MASKS AND FACES

Lillian Russell's Shoulders--
Edmond Gerson's Coat--
Tote DuCrow's Traps.

LENA MERVILLE'S TIGHTS.

Clara Qualitz's Skirts--Jenny Hill at Pastor's--Sarah Attacks Fanny.

CHAFF AND CHAT.

Lillian Russell came to the Arion Ball in magnificent costume the other night, and took a seat in the box of T. Henry French. I noticed the velvet softness and moulded outline of her shoulders, the curl of yellow hair that rested placidly on the nape of her neck as she turned, every now and then, to converse with the



LILLIAN RUSSELL'S SHOULDERS.

genial and red-faced managerial boxholder. Lillian Russell's shoulders are of the plump and rounded order. There are no irregularities to her shoulders, and there are no dimples. Everything in that region savors of solid flesh and indicates diminutive bone. Jansen has fine shoulders, too, I have noticed, but they are a trifle high, and Sadie Martinot, by constant shrugging, has elevated hers, also. The shoulders of prima donna have never been exhaustively treated. It is true critics have spoken of burdens resting lightly or heavily on shoulders. It is true paragraphers have dilated on the mole here, or the dimple there, on certain actresses' shoulders. But that part of feminine anatomy has never received the newspaper attention devoted to prima donna's leeks, busts, arms and necks. Surely a prose poet like C. M. S. McLellan might have written rhapsodies upon the shoulders of Russell, Langtry, Coghlan, Jansen, Martinot, Seligman, Cayvan, Crozman, St. John, Agnes Booth and Ada Rehan. But McLellan is in London just at present and we must do without a discussion of the relations between shoulders and histrionics, a discussion that he would have invested with the airy graces of his individual style.

Let us, therefore, be content with the fact that Francis Wilson in opera boldly kissed a certain lady on the shoulder, and pass on to more timely topics.

I met Edmond Gerson, theatrical agent and brother-in-law of Kiraly, in a flat-brimmed high hat and a much-buffed top coat, on Broadway the other afternoon. "I've just returned from abroad," said he: "been to Paris, London, Brussels and Berlin in six weeks' time. Theatrical business is transacted in a hurry in these electric and telephonic days of ours. In Berlin I saw the Emperor watching a play about Napoleon through his opera glasses with the greatest interest. I wonder what his thoughts were? In London one of my artist friends made a caricature of me in my fur coat and flat-brimmed hat. I found 'Ivanhoe,' the new opera by Sullivan, all the rage in London. They're raving over 'Miss Hylatt,' the opera by Audran, in Brussels. The great scene in this opera is in the second act. Miss Hylatt, an American girl, is in Switzerland. The artist, who is in love with her, on a sketching expedition suddenly finds her with her pins up, suspended and caught in the shrubbery of a lovely ravine. 'What a delightful vista!' he exclaims, as he surveys his petticoated lady love. 'Since you've found me,' exclaims the lady love, in turn, 'marry me!' I don't see how Charley Wyndham, who bought 'Miss Hylatt' for London, can ever hope to produce that play intact there. Surely the Lord Chamberlain would never allow Miss Hylatt to exhibit those uplifted, shrubbery-entangled legs of hers boldly on the stage!"

Tote Du Crow, familiarly known as "Totito" in Cuba, where he is making a big hit in Pabillon's Circus this season, has an extensive wardrobe of clowns' clothes as Marcus Mayer or Berry Wall has of ordinary raiments. Prior to leaving for the South, Du Crow laid in a stock of trick umbrellas, bottles, fans, barrels, that would have astonished Kellar or Herrmann. "Clown's clothes," said he, "are mostly home-made, and range from \$50 to \$250. The dragons, scorpions and monsters which you see on the back of my clothes I cut out and sew on myself. I have a clown's cap

which belonged to Grimaldi, and which I bought of a friend of the great clown's for \$12."

Lena Merville, who, with her sister, Marion Elmore, is sporting herself around the "Yon Yonson" of Mr. Jacob Litt just now, possesses as trim a pair of legs in tights as you would want to see on two hemispheres. I interviewed Merville on the subject of tights once

"If any funny writer thinks he can blow twenty-seven ounces away as though it were a turkey feather I should like to see him do it."

During the past week Sarah Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport have been having it hot and heavy in the newspapers about Cleopatra, discussing with ink virulence whether that ancient queen was fat or lean, lascivious or cold, discreet or bacchanalian. Davenport maintains that Cleopatra was a portly, physically powerful rounder who went on rousing rackets with Antony for days and nights at a time, and wasn't any the worse for the wear and tear. Bernhardt, on the other hand, thinks Cleopatra ought to be played rather as a nervous, imaginative, serpentine sensualist, a lissome, insinuating and intellectual woman, who loved Antony with the glowing phantasy of an oriental hour, mingled with the analytic, artistic passion of a schooled epicurean. The paper war between Sarah and Fanny still goes on, and the managers rejoice in the flow of ink and venom.

I attended the races at Guttenburg last week and there saw a number of soubrettes cheering their favorite horses.

Fred Bryton, as you may not know, when explaining anything, is given to language more profane than



LENA MERVILLE'S TIGHTS.

upon a time, and here is what she told me, with her slight Cockney accent: "Tights are cheaper in London than they are here, but I prefer to pay the difference and get the American article. The silk is heavier, and though it does not retain the gloss to be found in the English, the tights fit better. You can buy an excellent pair of tights in England for 35 shillings, while here the cheapest silk tights will cost you ten simoleons."

Jennie Hill, the music hall favorite of England, made her debut in America at Tony Pastor's last week and was well received. Jennie Hill is petite and pert, not piquant or pretty. She hasn't the sweetness of Bessie Bonhill, the robust versatility of Flora Moore, the brazen brio of Marguerite Cline, nor the winsome ways of May Irwin. Jennie Hill is a London product, like Nellie Farren, and it will probably take most of us some time to understand her exotic coffee girl, her Cockney fake swell and her ambitious pathetic business. I hear that Jennie Yeamans, best equipped of soubrettes, who was in front one afternoon to witness the performance of the imported music hall singer, remarked to Frank Lane, best equipped of raconteurs, who sat behind her: "That girl has won me over. I came to roast," said she, "I go away to toast!" And Jennie Yeamans sent Jennie Hill an odoriferous nosegay.



LENA MERVILLE'S TIGHTS.

Clara Qualitz, the ballerina, has been airing her views, as well as her skirts, to a reporter recently. In fact, she aired her views about skirts, and ballet skirts at that.

"I'm very angry at you reporters," said she, "for making fun about our skirts all the time. You always say ballet skirts are thin, light, transparent and don't amount to nothing. That's a mistake. You'd be surprised to know how much the ballet outfit of a premiere danseuse weighs. Let me give you the figures.



I weighed my ballet outfit several times so I know all about it.

One pair of silk tights..... 8 ounces.
Five ballet skirts, including tucks..... 8 ounces.
One pair of slippers..... 4 ounces.
One bodice..... 8 ounces.
Total weight of ballet costume..... 37 ounces.

IF YOU WANT TO READ THE MOST EXCITING STORY of high life in Paris and New York, send 25 cents for "Griselda," the latest and most successful novel published, handsomely illustrated. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

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LUCA FRANCIA CHAMPION.

He Wins the Hair Cutting Championship.

IT WAS DECIDED IN THIS CITY.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]

Tammany Hall, this city, the famous building in which many of the most noted politicians and statesmen of the nation have so often let flow their oratory, was a few evenings ago converted into a mammoth barber shop.

The cause of it all was to decide a novel contest.

Luca Francia, a tonsorial artist, whose studio is at No. 24, East Forty-second street, issued a challenge through the POLICE GAZETTE to enter into a hair-cutting match with any barber in the country for \$500 a side, the gate receipts and the "Police Gazette" championship of the world.

The gauntlet was picked up by Vincenzo Martire, whose parlors are located in the Hotel Melbourne.

Joseph Gallo, the Marion street banker, was stakeholder, and a jury of barbers of recognized reputation as connoisseurs had been selected as the jury to sit in judgment. They were Michel Auletta, G. Mauro, A. Prioco, M. Chancilli and F. Siracusa.

The ball was well filled by the barbers of the city and their wives and sweethearts, in gorgeous array. All seemed to enter into the spirit of the contest with an enthusiasm as overflowing and intense as that with which their ancestors in the old Roman Coliseum watched the gladiatorial combats.

A band of music stationed in the gallery played during the intermissions a burst of melody, as each victim was finished off and his body dragged out, resembling the flourish of trumpets that gave the populace under the Caesars the signal for applause.

For nearly an hour before time was called the two champions posed in front of their respective chairs, both elegant, smiling and suave in their swallow-tail dress suits, as they condescended to receive the admiration of the crowd.

The prospective victims, looking very sheepish, occupied a row of chairs at the back of the platform.

One of the spectators was heard to remark, "I wonder if they will give their subjects gas?" His companion, to whom the question was addressed, replied by saying, "Yes, natural gas."

As the backs of the chairs were to the audience, the faces of those operated on could not be seen during the shearing of the hair.

The contest was in four styles of cutting hair, eight men being operated upon in pairs. The first style was *à la militare*, or what would be called in local phrase the Sing Sing clip—close to the scalp all over the head. The next was *à la Umberto*, or what is generally known as pompadour, the third was *à la Italienne*—fluffy at the side, with a line of beauty twist on the forehead, and the fourth was *à la Tedesco*, or the German style such as Emperor William wears.

Promptly at 9:45 P. M. the contest was begun. Martire stripped off his swallow-tail and donned a white barber's jacket as he warmed up to his work.

Francis retained his dress suit and proceeded to business in a way that denoted the action of an expert.

In the first round Francia finished his man in 18½ minutes, receiving a shout of applause as he whisked the apron from the man with a flourish. The jury was locked up in a room downstairs, only being called upon to decide at the end of the whole contest on the artistic quality of the work done.

There were intermissions of fifteen minutes between each hair-cutting, during which the band played popular airs, the gladiators marched up and down the platform or talked with their friends, and the audience critically discussed the performance.

As the contest proceeded Martire grew red and perspiring, while Francia became calmer and cooler.

Martire finished his second man first amidst a thunder of applause, but he was nearly two minutes behind Francia on the third man. It was after midnight when the fourth man was finished, and the jury filed in to pronounce judgment.

Another hour was consumed by them in examining the palls of the eight victims, the audience indulging in a dance, with beer accompaniment.

Francis was finally declared the winner, thus sustaining his claim to the championship of the world. He is a barber of distinction, having served the Duke of Connaught, Lord Dufferin, Prince Leopold of Prussia and other members of the nobility. He defeated the champion barbers of India and Egypt several years ago, and last December easily won a match for \$100 a side against L. Cianciulli, a crack barber of this city.

CAUGHT DEAD TO RIGHTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Joseph Stout, a young farmer living near Burlington, N. J., recently quarreled with his wife who left him and went to live with her mother.

During his wife's absence, Stout met and fell in love with Ella Clinton, with whom he made arrangements to elope. Mrs. Stout learned of it and met the runaway couple at the railroad station in Burlington just as they were about to take a train for Philadelphia. A stormy scene followed, but the injured wife was finally triumphant. Stout has been married five times, and it is alleged that the majority of his wives are living.

LAURENT HOWARD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Laurent Howard, the genial assistant manager of the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., is one of the most popular theatrical men in the City of Churches. "Larry," for such is he better known to his more intimate friends, has in his long and varied career appeared before the footlights. He is well versed in all matters pertaining to the dramatic world, and is an able manager. His portrait appears elsewhere.

THEY HAVE JOURNALISTIC ASPIRATIONS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Frank Whitman and George Noble, whose ages are fifteen and sixteen years respectively, are two young editors of Buchanan, Mich. They are conducting a well paying and sprightly paper known as *The Sportsman's Pastime*. Both boys show marked business ability and have a brilliant future before them.



HE'S ALWAYS IN THE RACE.
OTTO C. FLOTO, OF CHICAGO, THE POPULAR, ENERGETIC AND SHREWD MANAGER
OF CHAMPION BOB FITZSIMMONS.



M'LLE AGNES CHARCOT.
A YOUNG LADY OF MUCH POWER, WHO IS TRAVELING THROUGH THE COUNTRY
PERFORMING FEATS OF WONDER IN HYPNOTISM.



CUTE ALICE COLEMAN.
A CHARMING SINGING AND DANCING SOUBRETTE OF AIRY GRACE, FAIR FACE, FAS-
CINATING FIGURE AND ROSEATE PROMISE.



LAURENT HOWARD.
THE HANDSOME AND EVER POPULAR ASSISTANT MANAGER OF THE LEE
AVENUE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



LEW CARROLL.
THE CLEVER COMEDIAN WHO DELINEATES THE CHARACTER OF "THE
JESTER" IN "ME AND JACK" TO PERFECTION.



HE'S A BRIGHT 'UN.

FRANK WHITEMAN, A BUCHANAN, MICH., YOUTH, WHO WIELDS THE EDITORIAL PEN WITH MUCH GRACE.



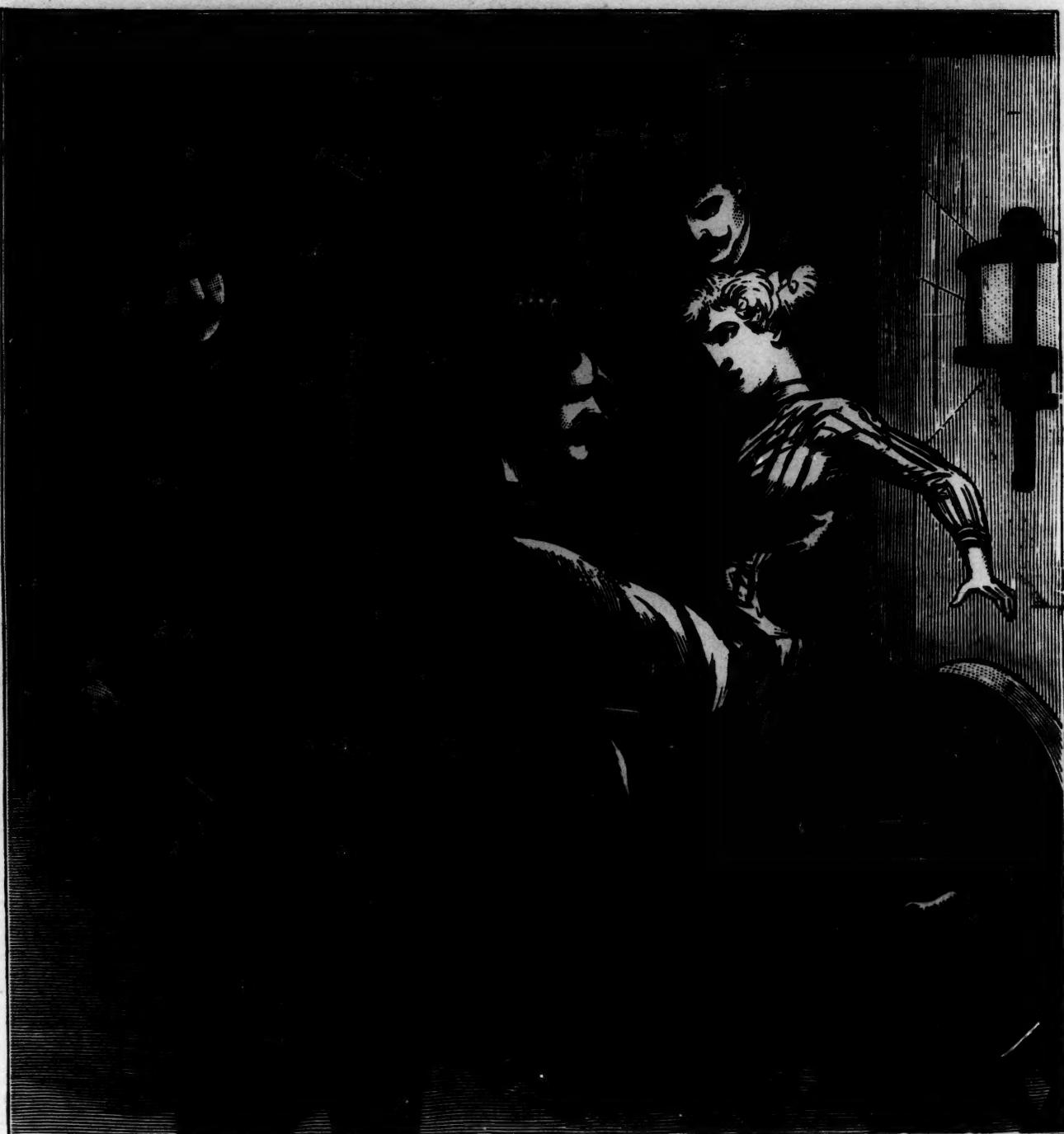
HAS JOURNALISTIC ASPIRATIONS.

GEORGE NOBLE, ANOTHER BUCHANAN, MICH., YOUNGSTER WHO IS ASSOCIATED WITH YOUNG WHITEMAN.



CAUGHT DEAD TO RIGHTS.

MRS. JOSEPH STOUT, THE WIFE OF A FARMER NEAR BURLINGTON, N. J., INTERCEPTS HER Eloping HUSBAND AND PRETTY ELLA CLINTON.



TOOK HER FROM "MAMMA."

THE YOUNG AND PRETTY WIFE OF RICHARD J. HAYDEN, OF NEW HAVEN, CONN., DESERTS HER HUSBAND WHO SUBSEQUENTLY RECAPTURES HER BY FORCE.



A YOUTHFUL OHIO EDITOR.

OLIN W. KENNEDY, THE ENTERPRISING JOURNALIST WHO IS THE PROPRIETOR OF THE FRESBURG "BLAZ."



M. M. DESMOND,

A GIFTED ORATOR WHO RECENTLY WON FIRST PRIZE IN A CONTEST HELD IN CHICAGO, ILL.

OH, WASN'T SHE AWFUL!

Skipped With Her Hubby's Handsome Bartender

DID FRAU BODENHOFER.

Then She Went Home and Was Forgiven.

SING SING WAS SCANDALIZED.

It is no uncommon thing for a man to elope with another man's wife, and it is almost as common for one to elope with another's wife and children, but it rarely happens that a citizen elopes with the wife, children, house and lot, horse and wagon, and all of the rest of the belongings of his neighbor.

Such a case recently occurred in Westchester county, this State.

Herr Charles Bodenhofer is the proprietor of a saloon located in Sing Sing. He also owns one in Croton



HERE BODENHOFER SIGNED.

Landing, just to the north of Sing Sing. Herr Bodenhofer has the reputation among his fellow citizens of being extremely well-fixed as far as this world's goods go. There isn't a particle of doubt that he has an extremely pretty wife.

Thereby hangs this tale.

As it was impossible for Herr Bodenhofer to attend to the wants of his customers in both places, it became necessary for him to secure the services of a bartender, which he did in the person of Charles Cooper, a fine-looking young man who was about Frau Bodenhofer's age.

Frau Bodenhofer was several years her husband's junior, and she is as pretty as the legendary picture. The frau and Cooper were much in each other's company during Herr Bodenhofer's temporary absences, and they became enamored of each other. In fact, Cooper admits that they planned to elope some time



THEY WENT TO BALLS TOGETHER.

ago when Herr Bodenhofer was in Germany obtaining a legacy turned over to him by a relative.

And elope they did. When Herr Bodenhofer was going away he placed all his property in his wife's name for fear some accident should befall him on his journey. In his absence his wife and Cooper attended all the dances in Croton and in Sing Sing, and became very friendly with each other.

While sleighing was good they took many a moonlight ride together in the country and enjoyed themselves as much as Bodenhofer's money would allow them, and when it was gone they took his real estate and personal property, and did not relinquish their claim on it until the night of their departure.

Bodenhofer arrived home a week or so ago and did not suspect that in his absence his good-looking bartender would alienate the affections of his wife, who had, he thought, always been true to him. Bodenhofer was a very sociable man himself and kept a dance house overhead his barroom, where he gave dances nearly every week. All his German acquaint-

NOW READY.—"THE LIVES OF THE-COLORED PUGILISTS from Moymark to Jackson," sent to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

tances would assemble there and dance until next morning and have a good time generally.

In Bodenhofer's absence this sport was kept up frequently by his wife and the barkeeper, and they were social leaders among their friends of Croton Landing during the few months of Bodenhofer's absence.

Scarcely had Herr Bodenhofer returned than Bartender Cooper and Frau Bodenhofer flew the coop.



COOPER DOES THE LOCK-STITCH.

There is a rumor to the effect that they came to New York and then went to Bergen Point, N. J., where they remained over night. They then went to Bayonne, N. J., where Cooper's father resides and there they remained for awhile.

In the meantime Herr Bodenhofer was naturally wroth. He hunted high and low for his naughty spouse but she couldn't be found. Then he placed the case in the hands of detectives.

The detectives had a fat time of it. Compositors and detectives recognize a piece of fat when they get there. The detectives got there.

Frau Bodenhofer finally hankered for the pleasant scenes of her old time home. She had taken her little child with her and the longings of her youngster added to her own, melted the frau's heart.

That's the way her friends put it. Her enemies were not so magnanimous.

This is the result:

A brisk and bright deputy sheriff of Sing Sing was one of the detectives who was engaged on the case.



HERE BODENHOFER SWORE VENGEANCE.

He had a lively time, but as is written above, "he got there."

He ascertained where Herr Bodenhofer's personally and reality were. Then like the octopus, he stretched out his tentacles. When Valentine Octopus Dietrich stretches out his tentacles something must come. Frau Bodenhofer came. So did Cooper. It may be astonishing to hear that they did not come together as most elopers do, but they did not.

Bartender Cooper arrived in Croton in the sneaky hours of the night. He had returned for a package which he and his paramour had forgotten to take with them. He smoke up to the saloon.

Plish!

Sh!

Avaunt!

Valentine Octopus Dietrich had ascertained that the guileful ex-bartender was in town—that is in Croton Landing.

Octopus Dietrich did not go to Croton Landing, but thought he would wait until morning and catch his



COOPER RETURNED, ALAS!

man going back to New York on an early train, as there were no more trains to New York that night.

On the following morning Dietrich, armed with a warrant for Cooper's arrest for grand larceny, started to go to the depot, and when near there came upon

Cooper, who had a bundle under his arm and was hurrying to the depot to catch the next train. He surprised him very much when he walked up and placed him under arrest and lodged him in the lockup.

Then it was that Cooper told of his little frivolities with Frau Bodenhofer.

Herr Bodenhofer heard of it all and he howled in nineteen dialects, and as he justly should, threatened to shoot Cooper. Cooper was, however, in the lockup.

Later on Frau Bodenhofer was arrested. She had come to ascertain where her "Baby" was. She, too, was locked up.

Then came the queerest part of the ceremonies.

The theretofore happy, but afterward unhappy, pair were taken before Justice Feeny, of Sing Sing, and an investigation was entered into.

Then it was that Frau Bodenhofer said that she had taken nothing but what belonged to her, and what Cooper took did not belong to her husband, but that as her husband had placed everything in her name before he went to Germany a few weeks since, she had a perfect right to do what she pleased.

She was discharged, and she and her husband walked out of court.

Cooper was also discharged, but was rearrested on a charge of stealing a valuable watch from a Croton man. He was put under bonds to appear before the Justice next day.

Bodenhofer and his wife will again live together and continue to conduct the business of his hotels in Croton and Sing Sing.

There are those in Sing Sing and Croton who say that Frau Bodenhofer has pulled the wool over her husband's eyes.

Of that we have naught to say. We have told the story, and that settles it.

CHRISTIAN VESTERGAARD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere appears a portrait of Christian Vestergaard, the worthy steward of the Officers Club, 12th U. S. Infantry, located at Fort Yates, N. D. He is a most excellent pool player, and can punch the balls in fine style, and is also a great admirer of the prize ring. He lost heavily on Jack Dempsey in his recent battle with Fitzsimmons.

He keeps himself well posted on all sporting matters of interest, and whenever he chances to get in an argument, he is ever ready to bet his 100 and leave it to his favorite paper the POLICE GAZETTE for a decision, as he goes his pile on it as an authority for all sporting news, etc.

Christian is in fine spirits of late. He has just discovered a new vegetable hair tonic possessing qualities not found in any other tonic now before the public. His friends claim that it will cause hair to grow on a Mexican hairless dog.

M. M. DESMOND.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A portrait of M. M. Desmond, a gifted young orator of Illinois, who won first prize in an oratorical contest recently held in Chicago, is reproduced elsewhere. Scarcely ever was there shown greater physical endurance than was displayed by young Desmond. For two hours he held his audience spellbound with his matchless oratory, closing with one of the most remarkable speeches ever delivered upon such an occasion.

HE'S ALWAYS IN THE RACE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Otto C. Floto, whose portrait appears in this issue, is the sole manager of Bob Fitzsimmons, the middle-weight champion of the world. He is a shrewd, energetic and popular sporting man from Chicago, in which city he has a legion of friends. Since Floto's debut as a full-fledged pugilistic manager he has proved that he is, while quite unassuming, as quick as chain lightning, and always in the race.

A CHAMPION MIDDLE-WEIGHT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Ted Pritchard, the middle-weight champion of England, whose portrait appears in this issue, is now matched to enter the arena against Jack Burke, well known in prize ring circles in all parts of the world. Pritchard is to contend with Burke for \$2500 a side. He has met with great success in the prize ring, and many who have stood by him in previous encounters intend to back him in his battle with Burke.

JULIUS ENGLEMAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the best sprinters in Pennsylvania is Julius Engleman, of Weatherly. Engleman, whose portrait appears in this issue, has won many hard-earned victories on the cinder track. He was recently defeated by Lehman, whom he had challenged, at the Wilkes-Barre Driving Park, in a one-hundred-yard dash for \$250. He has good backing and is anxious to run for boodle.

A LOCAL SPORTING MAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

William Sevenson is well known in local political circles, especially in and about the Board of Excise, as a diamond-edged patron of all pastimes and high-toned amusements. The reason his friends and associates call him diamond-edged, is because he dabbles in precious stones. Although but a young man, Sevenson has his heart and head in the right place, and a fortune is in store for him.

KILLED A SCHOOL TEACHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A sensational murder occurred one night recently near Point Pleasant, W. Va. Mrs. Hudson, the wife of a farmer, waylaid and killed pretty Miss Ella Knight, a young school teacher, whom she accused of slandering her character. Miss Knight made a desperate fight for life, but was fatally beaten by Mrs. Hudson with a club. The assailant was arrested.

LYE FOR A TATTLER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

R. Baker, of Baltic, Ohio, was accused by Mrs. Calvin Van Duzen with circulating scandalous stories concerning her. A few days ago she met Baker and threw a quantity of concentrated lye in his eyes, destroying the sight of one and badly injuring the other. Both parties are well known in Canton.

DO YOU INTEND TO PURCHASE SPORTING OR OTHER GOODS? Then send 25 cents for our New Illustrated Catalogue, 224 pages, over 1,000 illustrations. It is worth ten times the price. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

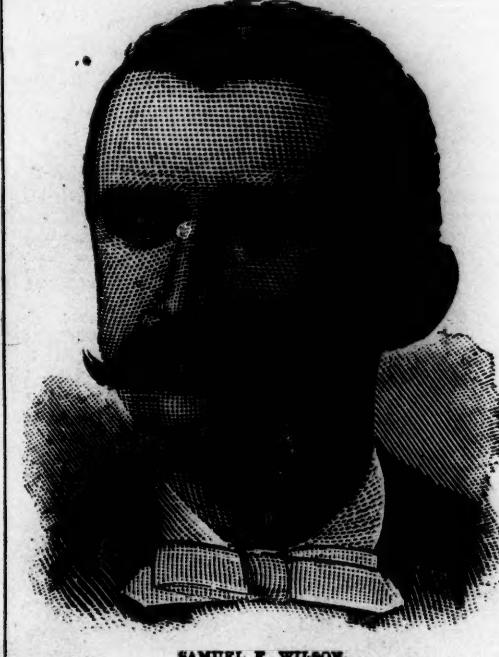
"FILL 'EM UP ONCE AGAIN!"

Bartender "Sam" Wilson, of Kansas City.

"VAL" VOGT, OF HOBOKEN, N. J.

Samuel F. Wilson, more popularly and familiarly known as Sam, is one of the leading good fellows of Kansas City, Mo., where he dispenses in an energetic and highly agreeable manner choice beverages to those who care not for the water of the Big Muddy.

Sam began his career as a public benefactor behind the bar in the early days of the opening of the Northern Pacific railroad, at Bismarck, at Mandan and at Miles City. In 1885 he was in business for himself at Winona, opposite Standing Rock agency, running a saloon and sporting resort. From Winona he returned to his old home in New York for a brief rest, after which he returned to the west, going to Kansas City to open the bar and restaurant of the Clifton House, at Sixth and Walnut streets. A change taking place then he entered the service of the well-known firm of Han-

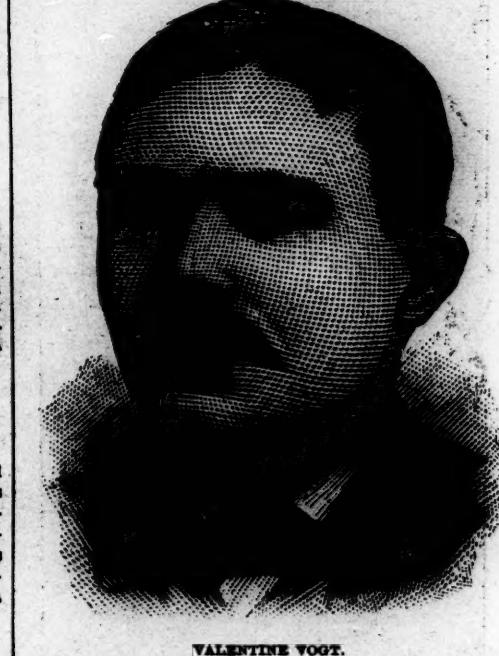


SAMUEL F. WILSON.

non & Dixon, in Kansas City, where he remained for a period of three years.

His health failing him he accepted an offer from the St. James Hotel, at Denver, to open the bar and take charge of the wine room of that well-known hostelry. Regaining his health in a short time Sam returned to his old love, the Main street house of Hannan & Dixon, Kansas City, where he is now to be found. Mr. Wilson is very popular among all the patrons of that well-known resort, as he can talk horse to a touter, guns to a shooter, bait to a fisherman, trade to a drummer, and he has been known to even make a bluff at religion. Sam is an admirer of manly and athletic sports, and makes it his business to attend all the events within the bailiwick of the United States. He attended the Fitzsimmons-Dempsey affair, and report has it that Sam had that fight right. It is his intention to look in at the Jackson-Corbett mill, San Francisco, when it occurs, and if one is close to Sam when he places his money he can tell about how the fight will go.

At all times Mr. Wilson is an agreeable and accom-



VALENTINE VOGT.

modating gentleman, and he is always glad to meet his friends or his friends' friends. It is safe to bet that when he gives information it will always be found to be straight.

This is decidedly a good picture of Valentine Vogt, the genial and popular bartender of Cronheim's Theatre, Hoboken, in which position he has been installed for the past five years, gaining innumerable friends by his courtly and gentlemanly dealings. He held the same position under the management of the late Rob Wareing. Mr. Vogt is certainly one of the most prominent figures in Hoboken. He is well known and liked by the sporting fraternity and theatrical folk in general, who always have a good word for "Val," or "Joe," as they are pleased to call him. Mr. Vogt was born Jan. 15, 1860, has an estimable wife and one child.

There are many good stories told of Mr. Vogt. Among them is one that he was never known to make an enemy or forsake a friend.

Mr. Vogt is Chesterfieldian in his courtesy, and although a strict temperance man, is well known to meet with all his patrons.

TWO OHIO EDITORS FIGHT.

Terrible End of a News-paper Feud.

TWO DEAD, MANY WOUNDED.

Col. Elliott Shoots and Kills Albert C. Osborn.

BOTH FOUGHT LIKE FIENDS.

Columbus the Scene of Carnage and Bloodshed.

ITS SENSATIONAL DETAILS.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]
A horrible tragedy occurred on High street, Columbus, Ohio, one afternoon recently, in which two men lost their lives and several others were wounded. In all about fourteen shots were fired. The terrible affair was the outcome of a newspaper feud which had been

Osborne fell to the floor dead, although the last shot, it is said, did not take effect in either man, the ball which caused Osborne's death having entered his face as he came in through the doorway.

Osborne fell upon a large pile of boxes containing hats, and the weight of his body causing the boxes to collapse, they engulfed him, completely covering him. Patrolman Dan McManamy caught W. J. Elliott and

"We started on south and I told Pat if we met Levering to drop behind and that neither of us would pay any attention to him. I did not expect to see Osborne, as he never comes downtown for several days after he writes anybody up. You know he worked for me seven years. When he would write up a colored man even he would not come downtown for several days afterward."

"When in front of Schrader's saloon I turned and saw Osborne with a revolver pointed at me. I reached for my pistol, when I heard a bullet whiz by my head. I think he shot two or three times at me and I fired back. Osborne started after Pat, and Pat ran into the street through the crowd, Osborne firing at him and into the crowd." Bill Elliott said that he had no intention when he went on the street of shooting any one; that the whole thing was done on the spur of the moment and was not premeditated at all; that if he had intended to shoot any one he would have got a Winchester or a magazine gun, or something of large calibre. He said he would not have hurt Levering if he had seen him; and he would not have hit him if Levering had come up to him and slapped him in the face.

According to their statements both of the Elliotts did some shooting, but claim that Osborne shot first.

Public sentiment is strongly against the Elliotts, and threats of lynching were heard from all sides during the afternoon. The station house is heavily guarded.

WICKED DEACON BUCK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The bitter war going on in East Harwich, Mass., between Deacon Smally and Deacon Buck, for the affections of Deacon Smally's pretty wife, thus far shows no sign of abatement. Since publicity was given to the scandal, public sympathy has been pretty evenly divided, although the Smally faction claim that their standard bearer is a long way ahead of his rival in the race of popular sentiment. Be this as it may, one thing is evident, and that is that all the citizens do not extend toward Deacon Buck the love that they do to his brother deacon, Mr. Smally.

A few nights ago a delegation, composed of some of the members of the "first" families of the village, started out to treat brother Buck to a surprise party. As in regulation surprise parties, the crowd brought their little donations and gifts, with which to surprise the worthy pillar of the church.

Now, if there's one thing in this wicked world that Deacon Buck dislikes more than another, it is to be the recipient of a surprise party, and he was exceedingly joyful that he was not at home the other evening when the pleasure seekers arrived at his house. The cause of the deacon's extra glee lies in the fact that the crowd brought with them, as little offerings of peace, a pot of tar, a bag of feathers, switches, and were masquerading as "White Caps."

Not finding the genial gentleman of whom they sought, the masqueraders retired, after leaving their compliments and a warning to Buck that they would call some future evening if he did not mend his ways. It is rumored that since the unexpected visit of the "White Caps" Buck has become a model man and has not wandered from the path of virtue in the slightest degree.

The trouble in the Smally household assumed new aspects a couple of days ago, when it was learned that Mrs. Smally had ordered her sister from the house.

The sister is as fair a maiden as her married sister, and Deacon Smally is authority for the statement that Deacon Buck was smitten by the sister's charms. That made Mrs. Smally very jealous, and after Buck had taken her sister to ride a few times, Mrs. Smally sent her home, thus having Deacon Buck all to herself. Deacon Smally says he has frequently caught Deacon Buck kissing his wife, and she told him that she cared more for Buck than for him. There will probably be a church investigation.

RECENT COCKING MAINS.

On Feb. 27 a cocking main between Saratoga and Mechanicville birds was fought at West Troy, N. Y. There was big money on the result, and some of the participating game cocks were brought all the way from Norfolk, Va. Each side showed fifteen, and eleven pairs fell in.

RECENTLY, at Salida, Col., there was a main of six fights between Dominicks and Grays on one side, and Grist Shaws and Black Reds on the other; three fights each, the Reds being the favorites. The fighting was hard, and there was not a runaway shown, six cocks being killed in the pit. Salida has some very fine game cocks, and will not be bluffed by any town on earth.

At Linden, N. J., recently, the cocking main between New York and New Jersey attracted a large crowd. Eleven battles were fought and the Jersey cocks won eight. Two Jersey cocks fought twice, being victorious each time. There was great excitement over one fight, the New York bird after a few cackles flying out of the pit and among the spectators, being hotly pursued by the Elizabeth bird, who gamely whipped him between the legs of the sporting men. About \$600 changed hands. Fifty cockfighters from Elizabeth, Newark, Rahway and New York attended the main.

SHE CARRIED A "POP."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Lizzie Witherell, aged twenty, was recently arrested in Cambridge, Mass., charged with burglarizing the house of Mrs. Frank A. Colley in that city.

The girl, who formerly worked as a domestic in Mrs. Colley's family, gained entrance to the house about midnight by cutting out a pane in a basement window. She proceeded to Mrs. Colley's chamber and tried to chloroform that lady, who awoke during the operation. The Witherell woman enforced silence by threatening to shoot Mrs. Colley, and, taking \$1.200 worth of jewelry, principally diamonds, left the house.

Mrs. Colley immediately gave the alarm, and the girl was arrested as she was about to board a Boston horse car. The jewelry was all found secreted in her stockings.

JACK ALLEN and Frank Shiffen, two local lightweights, fought 27 despatch rounds in a well-known resort in Shingletown, Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 18, for \$200 a side. Shiffen won first blood in the seventh round. In the twenty-seventh round Barney Fancet, the referee, awarded the battle to Shiffen on a foul.

ATHLETIC, SHOOTING AND OTHER CLUBS WOULD DO WELL TO SEND FOR MY DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR OF MEDALS AND TROPHIES BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

CHAT AROUND THE RING SIDE.

Gossip Regarding the Doings of the Fighters.

RECENT PUGILISTIC EVENTS.

ICE WEIR, the Belfast Spider, has returned from Australia and is in San Francisco.

TOMMY CLARK, of Philadelphia, has challenged Jack Kernan, of Bethlehem, Pa., to fight for \$600 a side and gate money.

"Fox" McGLOINE, who was so terribly punished by John Burns two weeks ago, yet who won the battle by a chance blow, died at Natick, Mass., on Feb. 24.

THE prize fight at San Jose, on Feb. 24, between Dan Mahoney and Billy Hawkins, for the bantam-weight championship of the Pacific Coast, was won by Hawkins in 29 rounds.

WILLIAM SHAVNO, of Newburgh, and Henry Fletcher, of this city, two colored middle-weights, fought near New City, Rockland county, N. Y., on Feb. 24, for a \$50 purse. Shavno knocked his antagonist out in the tenth round.

TOMMY RYAN, who recently defeated Danny Needham, was arrested in Chicago on Feb. 21, and taken to Crown Point, Md., for engaging in a prize fight at Shefield, Md., in November last. He gave bonds of \$500 and was released.

ALBERT GRIFITH, better known as "Young Griff," the feather-weight champion of Australia, and Powell, the New Zealand champion, are to fight on March 29, in the Sydney Gymnastic Club, Sydney, N. S. W., for a \$100 purse and the feather-weight championship.

JACK KENNY and Mike Carney fought for \$100 near Jersey City, on Feb. 21. Kenny is eighteen years of age and fights at 110 pounds. Carney is nineteen years old and weighed 108 pounds. Nine well-contested rounds were fought and Carney was declared the winner.

DAN EAGAN, the Montana Kid, called at this office on Feb. 27, to find out if Mike Gorman is eager to arrange a match with him. The Montana Kid stated he would fight Gorman for a shoe string up to \$1,000, and that any time Gorman was ready to put up his money it would be covered.

AT Burlington, Iowa, on Feb. 22, Andy Brennan and Jack Welch fought for a purse, according to "Police Gazette" rules. A ring was pitched in a barn and there was brisk speculation on the result. Seven rounds were fought in 26 minutes, when Brennan knocked Welch out by a right-hand blow on the jaw.

SAM MATTHEWS, of Melbourne, Australia (formerly of San Francisco), recently brought out Dick Barker, a giant pugilist nearly as tall as Freeman, the American giant, who defeated Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher. Matthews's giant was going to knock Sullivan, Slavin and others into smithereens and he was beaten in his first contest by Jack Perry.

THE Sydney Amateur Gymnastic Club, at Sydney, Australia, has under consideration the putting up of a purse for Mick Dooley and Billy McCarthy to fight for the middle-weight championship of Australia. Dooley says he can get down to the weight all right, and he certainly ought to know; but he looks to have a terribly muscular and brawny frame to crib, cabin and confine within the 154-pound limit.

GUS LAMERK has published the following challenge in England: "I see in this morning's *Sporting Life* that there are several challenges to Peter Maher. I think he ought to give me the first chance. He beat me by a chance blow. Should Maher refuse me another trial I will be pleased to box either Smith, Wannop or Welland (all cannot meet Maher) if any club will put up a purse. Falling a match, I shall sail for America in a week or two."

BILLY SMITH and Sam Berliner, of San Antonio, Tex., offer a purse of \$15,000 for a fight, according to "Police Gazette" rules, with skin-tight or 2-ounce gloves, between Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Hall, of Australia, the fight to come during the San Antonio Fair, the last week of October, or the first of November. As an evidence of good faith they will deposit \$2,000 with Dick Roche, of New York, or Luke Short, of Fort Worth, Tex., as soon as the match is made.

JIM HALL, now in San Francisco, and Billy McCarthy, who were beaten by Jack Dempsey and Bob Fitzsimmons, engaged in an eight-round glove contest at Melbourne, Australia, on Jan. 9. Hall was the first to enter the ring, having as his seconds Jack Barnes, Mick Nathan and Martin Denny. Billy McCarthy had as his seconds Jack Williams, W. Corbett and Jack Graham. The officials were: Mr. Virgo, referee; Messrs. W. Curran and Joe Goddard, judges for Hall and McCarthy respectively. There was no knockdown during the battle, and neither gained any advantage. McCarthy made the most clean hits and fought all through the contest on the offensive, and the judges declared him the winner. The decision, however, was not favorably received by Hall's friends.

LUTHER CAREY'S RECORD DISCUSSED.

The annual meeting of the delegates of the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel a few days ago.

The following officers were elected: President, Victor Mapes, Columbia; vice-president, F. R. Coates, Lehigh; secretary, J. J. K. Hackett, College of the City of New York; treasurer, E. A. Carolan, Cornell; executive committee, J. W. Emley, College of the City of New York; E. C. Bailey, Cornell; H. Cheney, Yale, and E. C. Moen, Harvard.

The Princeton representatives tried to induce the delegates to allow Luther Carey the record of 9½ seconds for 100 yards' running, but they would not have it. After considerable discussion it was finally referred to the Committee on Records, but it was the sense of the meeting that the record should not stand. A motion to have the 56-pound weight and two-mile safety bicycle race added to the programme of events to be decided at the championship games, was defeated, and hereafter no safeties will be allowed in a race.

It was decided to retain the tug-of-war event. The New York University was elected to membership. The treasurer's report showed that there was over \$2,000 in the treasury, and this amount will be divided among the colleges whose athletes competed in the games last May.



DEAD AMONG THE HAT BOXES.

took the revolver away from him. When the police entered the hat store they found Osborne lying dead on the floor and Pat Elliott standing over him with a revolver, still smoking, in his hand.

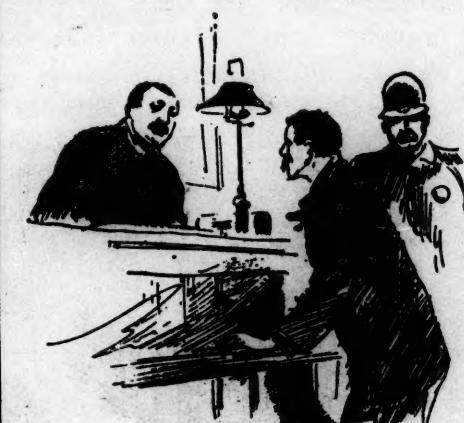
Three revolvers were found, but Osborne's is not among them. Two of them belong to the Elliotts and are nearly empty. The police are anxious to find the owner of the third. Every chamber is loaded and the police believe it was held by some fourth party, yet unknown.

W. L. Hughes is a highly respected citizen and formerly steward of the Imbecile Asylum. He was standing on the pavement watching the formation of the parade. He was struck during the running battle. The ball entered Hughes's head immediately over the left eye, and he dropped upon the iron grating in front of Ambo's restaurant, expiring instantly.

Patrick Elliott was shot in the back and arm, and has a frightful wound on top of the head. The physicians are as yet unable to determine how serious his wounds are.

Pat Elliott says that Hughes was killed by Osborne, while eyewitnesses claim that W. J. Elliott shot Hughes.

Thousands of people have been crowded around the front of McDonald's store and the Ambo's restaurant,



THE ARREST OF W. J. ELLIOTT.

where the tragedy occurred, and these places were forced to close their doors.

W. J. Elliott was seen at the station in the afternoon, where he and his brother Pat had been slated as "suspects," and asked for a statement. Said he: "I have nothing to conceal. I will tell all I know. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon I drove to town from Arlington, where I live, and went to the Capital office to pay off the men. As none of the men was there, I thought I would go uptown and see the parade.

"At the corner of Gay and High I met Pat, my brother, and we started south on High street. When opposite Park's gun store I said to Pat that I had left a



THE STATION HOUSE GUARDED.

pistol in there to get it fixed about a week before, and that I believed I would go in and get it. When the negro gave me the pistol I put it into my pocket, not even looking to see whether the fellow had loaded it or not.

OUR SPLENDID CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS OF CAL McCarthy and Geo. Dixon sent to any address on receipt of price, 10 cents each, by RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



LYE FOR A TATTLER.

MRS CALVIN VAN DUZEN, OF BALTIC, OHIO, BLINDS R. BAKER, WHOM SHE ACCUSES OF SLANDERING HER CHARACTER.



KILLED A SCHOOL TEACHER.

MISS ELLA KNIGHT BRUTALLY BEATEN TO DEATH WITH A CLUB BY IRATE MRS. HUDSON, NEAR POINT PLEASANT, W. VA.



LUCA FRANCIA WON.

A TONSORIAL CONTEST FOR \$1,000 AND THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP AT TAMMANY HALL, THIS CITY.
I.—LUCA FRANCIA. II.—VINCENZO MARTIRE.



A COLUMBUS, O., TRAGEDY.

W. J. ELLIOTT AND A. OSBORNE FIRST FIGHT WITH INK AND THEN WITH PISTOLS WITH FATAL RESULTS.



WICKED DEACON BUCK.

HIS FELLOW CHURCH MEMBER, DEACON SMALLY, OF EAST HARWICH, MASS., ACCUSES HIM WITH BEING OF TOO LOVING A DISPOSITION.



SHE CARRIED A "POP."

PRETTY LIZZIE WITHERELL, A CAMBRIDGE, MASS., GIRL, ROBS MRS. FRANK A. COLLEY AT NIGHT IN TRUE BURGLAR STYLE.

PUPPY SWEEPSTAKES WON.

Lady McGrath Carries off the "Police Gazette" Collar.

KEARNEY, N. J., ENLIVENED.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS]

At Kearney's Athletic Club Grounds, East Newark, N. J., on Feb. 22, the Puppy Sweepstakes for the "Police Gazette" championship dog collar, stakes, added money and gate receipts amounting to \$311, was decided. The course was 200 yards, and the winner was to receive 75 per cent. of the stakes and gate money and the "Police Gazette" championship dog collar, the second 15 per cent. and the third 10 per cent. The match was arranged at Newark at the suggestion of Tommy Clark, the proprietor of the athletic grounds at Kearney, N. J. Richard K. Fox decided to donate a championship trophy which would represent the championship, and which would become the property of the dog winning it three times, according to the following rules and conditions:

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" PUPPY SWEEPSTAKE RULES.

Race to be full 200 yards and handicapped according to the following scale:

Lbs. Wt.	Yds. Start.	Lbs. Wt.	Dogs.	Yds. Start.
30.	13 1/2	30.	17 1/2	
29.	14	29.	18	
28.	15	28.	19	
27.	16 1/2	27.	19 1/2	
26.	17 1/2	26.	20 1/2	
25.	18 1/2	25.	21 1/2	
24.	19 1/2	24.	22 1/2	
23.	20	23.	23 1/2	
22.	21	22.	24 1/2	
21.	22	21.	25 1/2	
20.	23	20.	26 1/2	
19.	24	19.	27 1/2	
18.	25	18.	28 1/2	
17.	26	17.	29 1/2	
16.	27	16.	30 1/2	
15.	28	15.	31 1/2	
14.	29	14.	32 1/2	
13.	30	13.	33 1/2	
12.	31	12.	34 1/2	
11.	32	11.	35 1/2	
10.	33	10.	36 1/2	
9.	34	9.	37 1/2	

RULES.

RULE 1.—Any nominator may have one or more entries.

RULE 2.—The eldest shall give the youngest one yard for every week; five inches for every day less than one week.

RULE 3.—In the event of a dog or slit dying, the whole amount of money deposited shall be forfeited; or, in case owner should withdraw his entry, whole amount of money shall be forfeited.

RULE 4.—Any man failing to show his dog at the regular monthly meeting shall be fined \$5, said amount to be added to the stakes.

RULE 5.—Dogs to start by report of pistol. Any dog being slipped before report will be disqualified. If the cap goes off and not the shot it shall be no race. Runners up must be ten yards over winning line when dogs finish; if runners up are not over 10 yard mark when dogs finish, dog or dogs will be disqualified; and if such dog is winner, the heat or race will be given to second dog; or to third dog, if first and second should be disqualified.

RULE 6.—Scratch dog in each heat to run full 200 yards, and in every case to start from right side of the track.

RULE 7.—Dogs to be weighed on the Wednesday evening preceding the time fixed for race, and limit to be quarter pounds and no ounces, the dog or bitch to receive the benefit of the ounces. The dogs to be weighed before and after the race. No dog to be weighed unless all lines are paid.

RULE 8.—If objection is made to the winner, the objector shall put up \$25 in the hands of the stakeholder as forfeit. Objector shall take dog and wash it; if there should be no fraud, the \$25 shall be paid to the owner of the winning dog; if there is fraud, the winner shall be disqualified and forfeit all stake-money; the objector's \$25 shall be returned.

RULE 9.—Prizes shall be divided as follows: Winner 75 per cent, second, 15 per cent, third, 10 per cent, of all money.

RULE 10.—Place of monthly meeting (unless finally agreed upon) to be drawn for, omitting the name of each one at whose house a meeting has been held.

RULE 11.—Race to take place on first Monday of the next month following the time of the final meeting.

RULE 12.—The rules as adopted shall not be subject to any change, moderation or amendment whatever, except at final meeting.

RULE 13.—Any dog entered falsely shall be fined \$5, which amount shall be added to the stakes, and a correct entry of the dog made.

RULE 14.—No postponement on account of the weather; race to take place on day and date fixed, rain or shine.

At Newark, N. J., books were opened on the race, and Tenney, named after the famous race horse, was a big favorite. In spite of the counter-attractions at the various race tracks, many journeyed to Newark to see the Dog Derby decided. There were ten entries and the race was run in heats. Daniel Buchanan's Lady McGrath was the winner. She finished first in the second heat and won the final heat. The following is the summary:

KEARNEY, N. J., Feb. 22, 1891.

Puppy Sweepstakes race for \$211, divided, 15 per cent. to first, 15 per cent. to second and 10 per cent. to third. Distance, 200 yards.

H. Smith's b c b Blue Jacket, 14 1/2 pounds, 8 yards 23 inches..... 1
C. Lee's b k w Twig, 15 1/2 pounds, 10 yards 10 inches..... 1
Z. Knowles's b k w Tonny, 16 1/2 pounds, 2 yards 25 inches..... 3

The betting was 2 to 1 on Tenney. He came in third, 1 yard behind Twig, who was 2 yards behind Blue Jacket.

The second heat finished:

D. Buchanan's b b Lady McGrath, 15 1/2 pounds, 8 yards 13 1/2 inches..... 1
T. Clark's b k w Richard K. Fox, 17 1/2 pounds, scratch..... 1
H. Argyle's b k w Sally, 14 1/2 pounds, 4 yards 14 inches..... 3

The betting was 5 to 1 on the winner, Sally being quoted at 2 to 1. Lady McGrath won easily by 4 yards, the other two being neck and neck.

Four dogs were entered in the third heat, and it finished:

T. Clark's b k w Blair Athol, 16 pounds, 4 yards 9 1/2 inches..... 1
H. Fairhurst's b k w Hawa, 17 pounds, 4 yards 29 1/2 inches..... 2
J. Douglass's b b w Fenton, 14 1/2 pounds, 8 yards 23 inches..... 3
H. Fairhurst's b r w Veliana, 15 1/2 pounds, 12 yards 25 inches..... 4

Vellisa was the favorite. When half way home Bawda and Fenton began to fight, and Blair Athol carried both several yards before he got through, winning by a yard, Vellisa being several yards behind Bawda and Fenton, who came home together.

The results in the final heat were:

Lady McGrath, 15 1/2 pounds, 4 yards 13 1/2 inches..... 1
Blair Athol, 16 pounds, scratch..... 2
H. Argyle's b k w Sally, 14 1/2 pounds, 1 yard 23 inches..... 3

Lady McGrath was backed 6 to 4, Blair Athol 5 to 1, and Blue Jacket 2 to 1. The first won by a yard, and Blair Athol was a neck ahead of Blue Jacket.

Alf Jewett was referee, and George Crook starter.

On Feb. 24 Alfred Jewett, the referee, with Thomas Clark, H. Smith and D. Buchanan, called at this office. The referee gave his decision, and he was given the \$211 stakes, which he divided with the winners. D. Buchanan, owner of Lady McGrath, received \$165 25. H. Smith, the owner of Blair Athol, received \$81 65; Thomas Clark, who owned Red Jacket, who finished third, received \$21 10. After the referee had paid over the stakes Richard K. Fox, in his usual humorous vein, presented the "Police Gazette" championship dog collar to Buchanan, the owner of Lady McGrath. The trophy was greatly admired by all parties. The collar is made of solid silver and gold and valued

at \$150. It will be the personal property of the owner of any whippet winning it three times.

In this issue we publish a portrait of the dog, and also the collar and owner of the winner, Lady McGrath.

ALL ABOUT SWIFT RACERS.

The following is the fastest time running ever made on the turf, carefully compiled for this paper, up to Feb. 22, 1891:

One-quarter of a mile—Jim Miller, 2, Deer Lodge, Mont., Aug. 16, 1888..... 0:31 1/2

Two and one-half furlongs—Best Boy, 2, 105 pounds, Clinton, N. J., March 12, 1890..... 0:31 1/2

Three furlongs—Cyclone, aged, Helena, Mont., Aug. 29, 1890..... 0:34 1/2

Four and one-half furlongs—Geraldine, 4, 122 pounds, New York Jockey Club, Aug. 30, 1889..... 0:46

Four and one-half furlongs—Tulip, Blackburn, 2, 105 pounds (Chicago (Washington Park), July 12, 1889..... 0:35

Amelia, 2, 112 pounds, Chicago (Washington Park), July 12, 1889..... 0:35

Five-eighths—Briton, 2, 122 pounds, New York Jockey Club, Aug. 31, 1889..... 0:36

Fordham, 4, 115 pounds, New York Jockey Club, Oct. 4, 1890..... 0:36

Salle McLean, 2, 112 pounds, New York Jockey Club, Aug. 29, 1890..... 0:36

Five and one-half furlongs—Harrington, 4, 122 pounds, New York Jockey Club, Aug. 30, 1889..... 0:36

Six furlongs—Pidea, 4, 116 pounds, New York Jockey Club, May 31, 1890 (straight course)..... 1:06 2/5

Six and one-half furlongs—Somerset, 5, 110 pounds, New Orleans, May 12, 1890..... 1:01 1/2

Seven-eighths—Briton, 5, 120 pounds, Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 5, 1889..... 1:06 2/5

Bella B., 6, 108 pounds, Monmouth Park, July 8, 1890 (straight course)..... 1:03 1/2

Seven and one-half furlongs—Lee II, 2, 85 pounds, Nassauville, May 2, 1888..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 25 yards—Keppler, 3, 108 pounds, Latonia, Ky., May 28, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 27 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Chicago (Washington Park), July 2, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 28 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Louisville, Ky., Sept. 6, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 29 yards—Palisade, 3, 108 pounds, Latonia, Ky., May 28, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 30 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Monmouth Park, July 17, 1890 (straight course)..... 1:03 1/2

One mile and 30 yards—Lee II, 2, 85 pounds, Nassauville, May 2, 1888..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 31 yards—Keppler, 3, 108 pounds, Latonia, Ky., May 28, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 32 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Chicago (Washington Park), July 2, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 33 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Louisville, Ky., Sept. 6, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 34 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Latonia, Ky., May 28, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 35 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Chicago (Washington Park), July 2, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 36 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Louisville, Ky., Sept. 6, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 37 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Latonia, Ky., May 28, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 38 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Chicago (Washington Park), July 2, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 39 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Louisville, Ky., Sept. 6, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 40 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Latonia, Ky., May 28, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 41 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Chicago (Washington Park), July 2, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 42 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Louisville, Ky., Sept. 6, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 43 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Latonia, Ky., May 28, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 44 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Chicago (Washington Park), July 2, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 45 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Louisville, Ky., Sept. 6, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 46 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Latonia, Ky., May 28, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 47 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Chicago (Washington Park), July 2, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 48 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Louisville, Ky., Sept. 6, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 49 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Latonia, Ky., May 28, 1890..... 1:04 1/2

One mile and 50 yards—Lizzie B., 6, 104 pounds, Chicago (Washington Park),

THE RYAN-NEEDHAM CONTEST.

A Straight Tip on the Great Brooklyn Handicap.

DID LE BLANCHE SELL OUT?

Since Kingston and Tournament have been scratched in the Brooklyn Handicap thousands upon thousands of letters have been received at this office with coupons cut from the POLICE GAZETTE and filled out with the probable three placed horses as they will finish in the Handicap.

Many are confident that they can win the \$300 Richard K. Fox offers to the first party who shall name the horses as they finish 1-2-3. Several parties have bought from \$10 to \$100 POLICE GAZETTES and made as many as 100 combinations, starting them with Raceland or Burlington and winding up with Tea Tray, Castaway II, or Cassius.

Every one must understand that it is difficult to select the winner at this end of the season, but if I was going to try and solve the problem I should select horses that have run well up at the Brooklyn Handicap distance, which is one mile and a quarter, and that have won the Suburban, of which the Brooklyn Handicap is considered a key.

As, for instance, Raceland, Tenny, Bon, Tea Tray, Eurus, Castaway, Prince Royal, Terra Cotta, Badge, Judge Morrow, Burlington, and just make combinations of the horses I have named. Then, if they started, it would almost be a certainty that if they did not finish 1-2-3, as named in their coupons, they would be in the first flight.

It is useless for any one to suppose they could at one attempt place the horses as they finish in this historic turf event unless they are very lucky, but if a series of guesses are made it would not be difficult to capture the \$300 prize, the large amount ever offered to turf gurus.

Peter Jackson, in his interviews, scorches the Melbourne Athletic Club and asserts he was not fairly treated while in Australia. Jackson probably refers to his match with Joe Goddard, in which the referee's decision saved him from defeat.

Jackson made a match to knock Goddard out in 8 rounds, and signally failed to do so. Therefore he lost as plainly and as palpably as ever man lost, and in exactly the same way as John L. Sullivan lost his match with Tug Wilson. Even the Americans, mad as they were about Sullivan, couldn't deny that he had lost, and he didn't deny it himself; but Jackson failed in a far worse manner than Sullivan did, and then was declared to have made a draw of it. How can he believe the Melbourne folk have "down on him" I can't understand. The down they had was on their own man, who, according to the conditions of the contract, was certainly the winner.

The protracted battle between Tommy Ryan, of Chicago, and Danny Needham, of Ashland, Wis., came near to being the longest on record, but it did not last as long as that between Patsy Kerrigan and Danny Needham, in San Francisco. There have been more exciting glove fights of shorter duration characterized by greater punishment, but there have been few contests in this country or in England where Welter-weights fought so long, especially when in a crippled condition.

In the first place, the match was a one-sided affair, for Needham is only at his best a light-weight, while Ryan is a middle-weight chopped down to a light-weight. But he is an expert boxer, strong and full of vitality. His tactics in the ring, his mode of ducking, and his agility in avoiding punishment in his battle with Needham, was something phenomenal. It was odds on the contest not taking place, even after the Twin City Athletic Club had made all preparations. Needham is a left-handed fighter and depends, like all first-class pugilists, to do great execution with that hand.

Needham had injured his hand while training, and in order to strengthen his wrist he had it bound with adhesive plaster. There was no stipulation in the articles that either of the pugilists should bandage their wrists, and the backers of Ryan refused to allow him to fight if Needham did not take the plaster off. Needham refused to fight unless his wrist was bound with the plaster, and Ryan said he would not fight, and the match was declared off. No one could place any blame on Ryan for his objection, and the management of the club were in a quandary, for a fiasco could do the club considerable harm. Needham finally said: "I cannot win with my wrist is this shape, but I'll do the best I can. I'll stand Ryan off for 100 rounds and the best he will get is a draw."

It has already been chronicled in this paper how Needham pluckily fought for 117 rounds before he was beaten. I do not want to take the edge off the Chicago pugilist's victory, for he won on his merits; nevertheless, it is doubtful if he would have won had he not had the advantage in weight, and if Needham had not been handicapped by being crippled. He made his match with his eyes open, and in his eagerness to add more laurels to his wreath, he arranged a match with a pugilist out of his class, and was handicapped from the start. In my opinion Needham will probably, in future, hold aloof from undertaking to fight a man weighing over 131 pounds.

The unsatisfactory termination of the fight encounter at San Francisco, between George Le Blanche and Young Mitchell created quite a flutter among sporting circles in all parts of the country. It was plain, by the way the battle ended, that Le Blanche either was eager to quit for some mysterious cause, or else he was confident he had no chance of winning. The left hand blow he received evidently did him no injury, for he had started to fall while the blow was being landed. His failure to struggle to his feet while he had the strength to do so, goes to show that he was eager to discontinue the contest.

In the Fitzsimmons and Dempsey contest the champion was knocked down in the last round, but he made strenuous efforts to rise and continued to do so until he was helpless. Le Blanche made no effort, but lay patiently awaiting the 10 seconds to expire so that he would be counted out. Many believe that it was understood before the contest began that the Marine was to lose, but I place no confidence in these rumors. One thing is certain, Le Blanche never, during his prize ring career, showed the white feather or a lack of courage, and I am positive he did not quit because he had been severely injured by the punishment he had received. He did quit, and why, Le Blanche is the only person that can explain.

I learn that the California Athletic Club's directors claimed it was a fair fight and refused to give the purse of \$2,000 to the winner and \$500 to the loser. Unless they can prove that Young Mitchell was in collusion with Le Blanche, which I doubt, I cannot see how they can, with justice, hold back the purse. Mitchell fairly won. He entered the ring to fight and did his best to win, and thus gained the victory. If Le Blanche entered the ring and decided to lose it was no fault of Young Mitchell's, if he was not aware of it before the contest commenced.

Of course, if Young Mitchell and Le Blanche had an understanding beforehand and the former was aware that Le Blanche was going to allow him to win, that puts another complexion on the affair. No matter how the battle was concocted or prearranged, Le Blanche has either to stand the stigma of not trying to win or to have many win follow the prize ring claim he showed the white feather. His pugilistic reputation is badly stained, and in the future many will look upon any match he arranges with distrust.

The time is fast approaching for the Kilrain and Godfrey battle, which is to be decided in the California Athletics

Club. Both pugilists are training and doing their daily routine of walking, running, club swinging, etc. Godfrey has a host of admirers who, strange to say, think he will capture the \$4,000 purse.

No doubt Godfrey will give Kilrain quite a battle for an hour or more, but if the ex-champion is in condition, and I am certain he will not this time throw any chances away, he will win. Godfrey, of course, has gained quite aistic reputation, but he has never beaten a first-class man. Jack Ashton was about the best, and then there were circumstances surrounding the contest that robbed Godfrey of considerable credit; Ashton having malaria and conscientizing, after postponing the contest, to fight before he was ready. Kilrain appears to out-class Godfrey, and I think he should win, as turfmen say, "in a walk."

Joe McAuliffe, the Mission Boy, made a flying trip to Rochester and Buffalo, N. Y., recently, and was well received. So was Billy Madden, his manager. By the way! McAuliffe has taken upon himself a big contract. He has arranged a match with Patsy Farrell, the Pennsylvania champion, who resides in Pittsburgh, in which he agrees to knock out Farrell in 10 rounds—40 minutes.

Farrell is a strong, strapping boxer, possessing all the essential points necessary for a champion, including great strength and stamina. He claims to be a middle-weight, but he is in the heavy-weight class. McAuliffe will have the advantage in height, weight and length of reach, nevertheless Farrell believes he has an outside chance to win. He will train for the contest and will no doubt be in first-class condition on the day set for the battle.

McAuliffe and Billy Madden are confident of the result, but there are many who do not share their opinion. It is no easy task to defeat a man in a limited number of rounds, even if that man is a dummy, as long as he has good legs and understands prize ring tactics. The contest between Farrell and McAuliffe will create considerable interest, and there will be heavy speculation on the result.

"Dummy" Mace has arrived in Sydney, and his object is to fight George Dawson for the light-weight championship of that country. This intercolonial meeting, if it ever takes place, ought to be very interesting. In Melbourne, Dummy is regarded as a marvel at his weight. His admirers point out that not only is he clever, but that he is as strong as a lion. Dummy saw Dawson fight Maher, and fancies he can beat him all right. It is of no use for the referee calling out "Time!" while Dummy is in the ring, as deafness is numbered among his afflictions.

Dummy, they say, is a cunning fighter, and if he happens to be knocked down he studiously refrains from looking at the timekeeper, and thus, if he so desires, can spend a few extra seconds on the floor. Those who have seen him on the warpath tell me that his opponent has to be very careful how he retires to his corner on hearing the call of time. It is quite possible, they say, that Dummy, just at the moment his hands are lowered, will make an onslaught if he has not also been apprised of the expiration of the three minutes. To obviate anything like this arising, the referee, wherever Dummy fights, ought to have a card ready to wave in front of him when it is time for him to return to his chair.

The title of champion sculler of the world is certainly definitely settled now, and the holder is John McLean, who in rapid succession has defeated both Stanbury and Kemp. The latter, I am told, is so satisfied with his defeat that he has relinquished all notion of coming to America to row O'Connor, and has therefore forfeited his deposit. Stanbury and Kemp, both being in one "stable," we may take it for granted that they and their backers are quite satisfied that McLean is the best rower in Australia. The new champion, like John Higgins, of Shadwell, is late in life in coming to the front. He is in his thirty-first year, and if I remember aright Higgins was about the same age when he appeared as a champion.

I must give Ned Hanlan credit for the persistent way in which he has for two years stuck to McLean. On one occasion Hanlan told me that McLean would certainly prove himself to be the best rower in the world, and such has turned out to be the case. If I mistake not, Hanlan, while in Australia, gave him his first lessons in sculling.

After sizing the situation up, I see no hope of any of our champions winning the title in Australia. Stanbury had little difficulty in defeating the Canadian, and McLean easily defeated Stanbury. We may take it for granted that Peter Kemp was rowing better than Stanbury, or else he would not have been matched to row McLean. The latter has also beaten Kemp easily, and this line of comparison shows O'Connor to be vastly inferior to McLean. It shows this fact so clearly that I think Teemer or Gaudaur would have no chance at all to defeat McLean on an Australian course. It might be different on American waters, and I will not be surprised if our scullers make strong efforts to induce McLean to come to the United States and row on a lake course.

REFEREE.

HERE'S A SWEEPING CHALLENGE.

Joseph R. Baker, the well-known horseman, of New York, called at this office to ascertain if the backers of Avery, the pugilist, had covered his \$500 deposit to match Tommy Kelly, the "Harlem Spider," against Avery, for \$2,500 a side. On being informed that the money had not been covered he posted \$500, making the total amount \$1,000, and left the office.

WILL JIMMY LARKIN GO TO LONDON?

Jimmy Larkin, the champion 122-pound pugilist, recently notified the Pelican Club that he was willing to fight any 122-pound man in England, if that organization would put up a suitable purse. Larkin received the following letter from George W. Atkinson, our correspondent in London, England:

LONDON, Feb. 25, 1891.

JAMES LARKIN—Dear Sir: The Pelican Club will put up a purse of \$100 for you and Fred Johnson, the 122-pound champion of England, to box for, and will allow you \$25 for expenses. Any information respecting the Pelican Club Richard K. Fox can give you.

GEO. W. ATKINSON.

Jimmy Larkin at once stated he would meet Fred Johnson, the English 122-pound champion, or any other pugilist at that weight in England, if the Pelican Club would put up a purse of \$400 and allow him \$50 for expenses. Larkin claims that either the Olympic Club at New Orleans, or the California Athletic Club would put up that amount.

The following special was received at this office: EASTON, Pa. Feb. 24.

RICHARD K. FOX—Billy Baker, of Buffalo, and Pat Slattery, of Denver, Col., have signed articles to box with 2-ounce gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$250 a side and gate money. The battle is to be decided here on March 10. The stakes have been posted with Phillip Hay, a well-known sporting house manager in this city. Slattery is training at South Easton. Baker has secured Tommy Clark, of Philadelphia, to train him.

IF YOU ARE ABOUT PURCHASING A RIFLE OR REVOLVER, do not fail to send 25 cents for my 228 page illustrated catalog, and you will find that you will save at least 25 per cent. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

MANY QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

BOXING GLOVES.

The "Police Gazette" Champion Boxing Gloves.

Made from special Indian tan and finest of brown kid, pronounced by the profession as being the finest glove ever made. With laced and padded wrists and filled with the finest of curled hair. Made in two, four, six and eight-ounce weight. Price per set of four, \$2.50. When sending orders state color and weight desired.

EXHIBITION BOXING GLOVES.

Made of finest white kid, finished in A 1 style and equal to any glove now made. Six and eight ounces in weight. Price per set of four, \$2.00.

AMATEUR BOXING GLOVES.

Good quality kid, and best gloves for the price ever made. Six and eight ounces in weight. Price per set of four, \$2.50.

Any size above gloves sent to any address upon receipt of price. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

[There are so many "Constant Readers" that hereafter the Authors to Correspondents must insist that gentlemen desiring information sign their names. A desire for guarantee of good faith suggests this, and our patrons will at once see the advisability of the motive.—ED.]

S. F., Kansas City.—No.

—Long Branch.—No.

G. F., Troy, N. Y.—In 1871.

T. M., Helena.—A is correct.

A. W. D., Holyoke, Mass.—No.

F. M., Vancouver.—Who was ahead?

J. B., Allamore, Texas.—It is agreed upon.

J. R. W., Bonita, La.—The ace ten is the best.

HOKIE, Brenham, Texas.—Certainly he must.

E. M., N. Y.—We cannot do anything in the matter.

O. A. W., Jersey City.—You must show your hand.

F. S., Lind, Wash.—The first party claiming out wins.

J. M. W., New Zealand.—Thanks for letter and stamp.

E. B., Edwina, N. J.—Tom Hyer died in New York city.

J. M. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We have not the party's address.

W. E. J., Chicago.—No. 2. They boxed in Brooklyn, N. Y.

M. H., Chicago, Ill.—We do not know the pugilist you refer to.

J. H. R., Denver, Col.—Bob Fitzsimmons gained first blood.

C. K., Dakota.—Tom Hogan and Tom Allen fought on Nov. 18, 1873.

J. N.—Apply to some of the horse owners at Guttenberg, N. J.

J. R. H., Philadelphia.—We can not understand what you mean.

B. R., Omaha, Neb.—Jem Belcher was champion of England in 1863.

J. L., Cleveland, O.—We have not the names of the parties you refer to.

I. M. M., Cincinnati, O.—A letter addressed to this office will find him.

R. D., Corry, Pa.—Foxhall never won the English Derby; B is correct.

F. F., Philadelphia, Pa.—In the issue dated August 2, 1890, No. 2, 972.

J. G., Hudson, N. Y.—The referee decided that Dominick McCaffrey won.

C. M. F., Grand Rapids, Mich.—They were issued in 1864 and later called in.

J. O. H., San Francisco.—Send a deposit and your challenge will be inserted.

J. F. N., Baltimore, Md.—We cannot do anything in the matter you refer to.

J. J. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—Lemon juice and horse radish juice mixed with copperas.

E. D. M., Rixford, Pa.—John L. Sullivan was born in Boston, Mass., on Oct. 18, 1858.

W. J., Boston, Mass.—Henry "Blower" Brown won the Astley belt on April 24, 1878.

F. B. and E. S. A., Bismarck, Dak.—An opener must show his entire hand to board if called.

C. F., Chicago, Ill.—Probably if you advertised in the POLICE GAZETTE you might find them.

I. L., Simpkin, Marshall, Va.—The stakeholder can use his own discretion in paying over stakes.

SHOOT, Spokane Falls, Wash.—No; Jack McAuliffe has never斗ed in the prize ring.

T. F. M., Leadville, Col.—John L. Sullivan measures more around the chest than Jake Kilrain.

F. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Jem Mace and Joe Goss fought a draw for \$200 a side and champion belt in 1864.

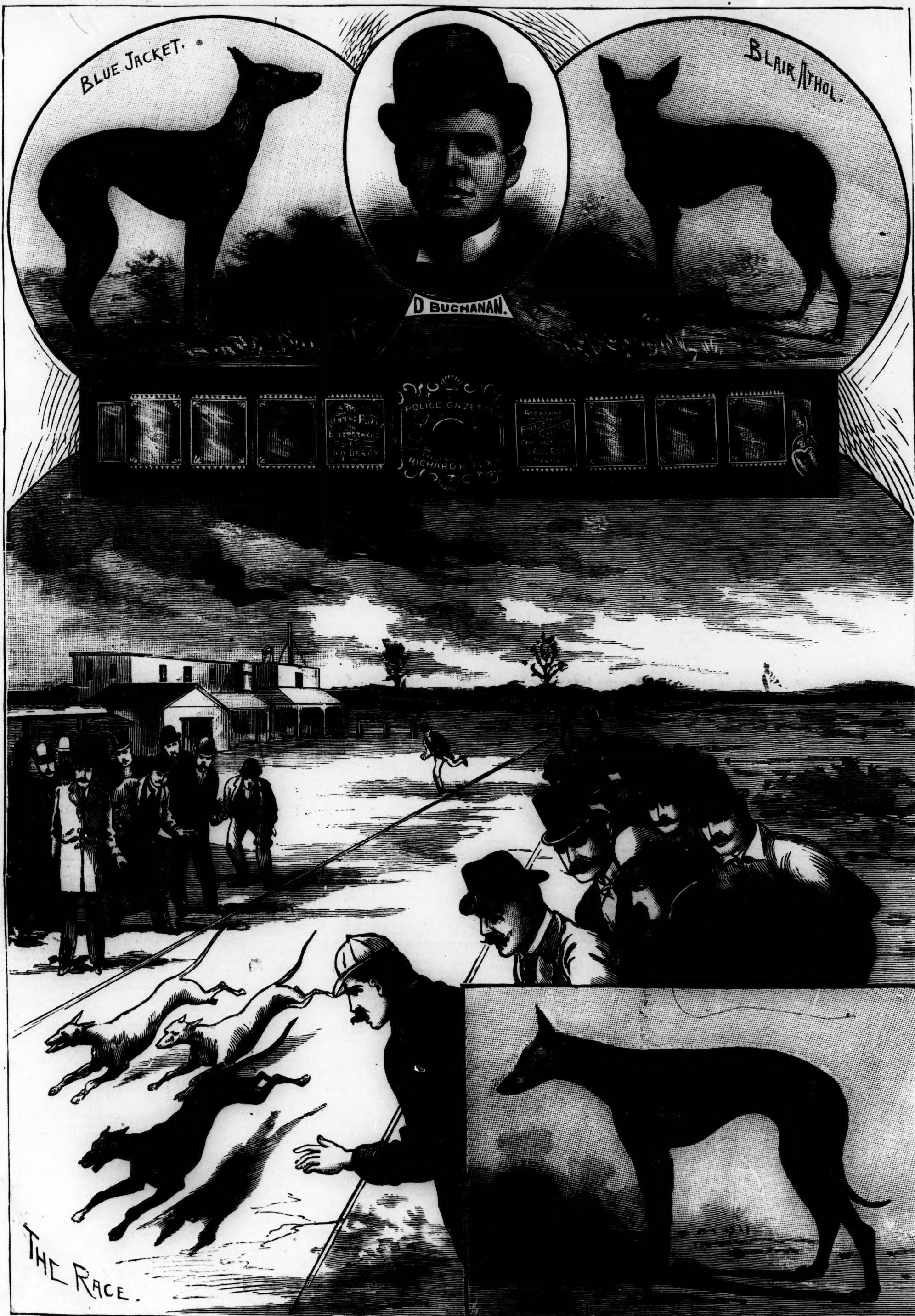
W. E. M., Waukegan, Ill.—Ed. Crane is credited with having thrown a baseball 185 yards, 1 foot 6 inches.

T. C. S., Cobham, Va.—1. Charley Mitchell fights at about 180 pounds. Murphy can ride at 180 pounds.

F. J. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. No. 2. The POLICE GAZETTE is sold by newsdealers all over the entire globe.

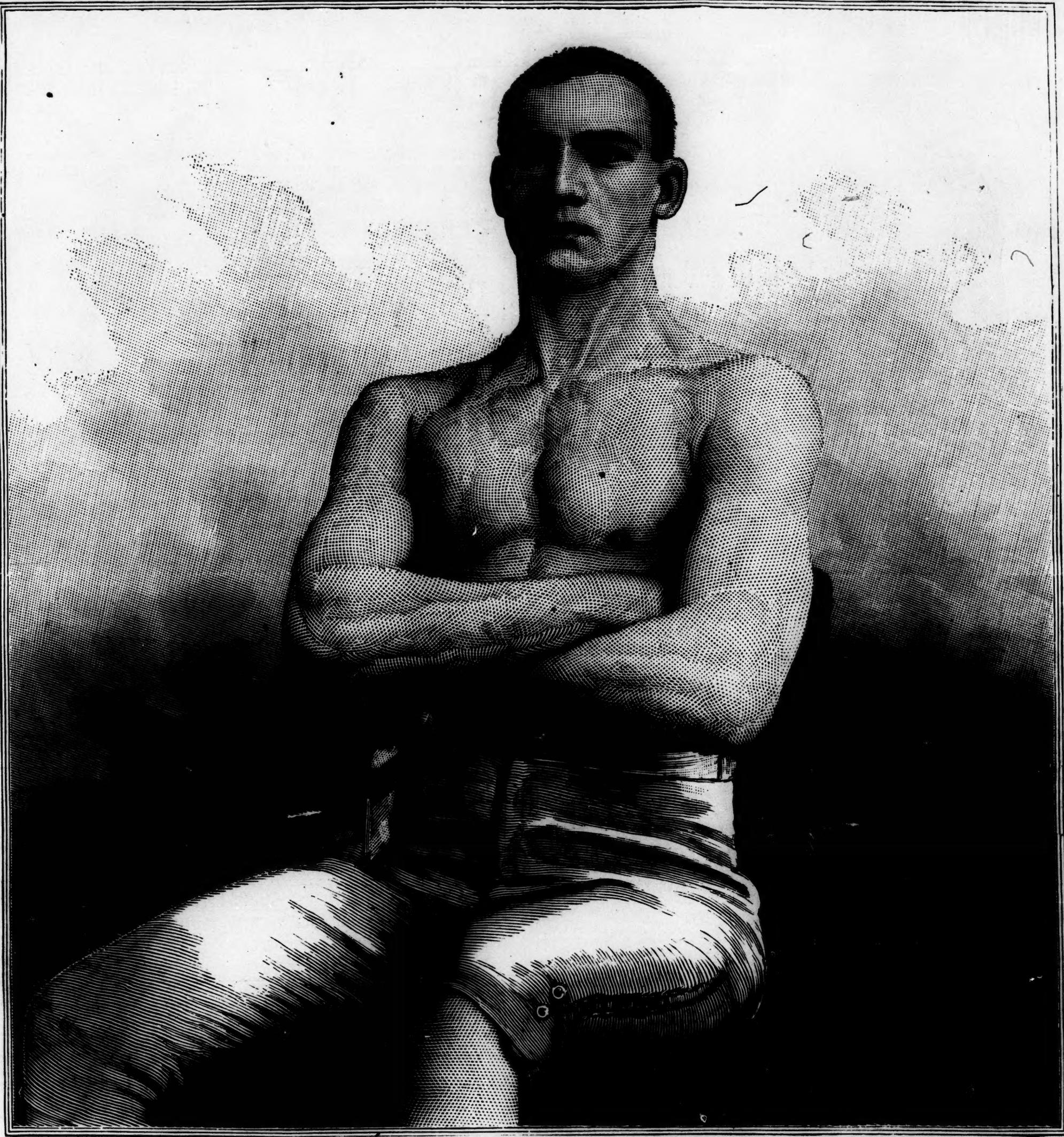
R. H., Lowden, Iowa.—Send 25 cents and we will mail you a book containing the twenty records you desire.

R. H. RA., Cambridge, Mass.—The international crew of Harvard went to England to row Oxford in 18



WINNING THE PUPPY STAKES.

THE SCENES ATTENDING THE WINNING OF THE RICHARD K. FOX DOG COLLAR IN THE PUPPY RUNNING RACES HELD RECENTLY AT KEARNEY, N. J.



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